

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Newly Imprinted and enlarged, according to the true
and perfect Copy lastly Printed.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



LONDON,

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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET

Prince of Denmark.

As it was presented at the Swan Theatre, London, in the year 1611.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
HAMLET
PRINCE
OF
DENMARKE.

Enter BARNARDO, and FRANCISCO,
two Sentinels.

Bar.

Fran.

Bar.

Fran.



Hose there?

Nay answer me. Stand and vnfold your
selfe.

Long liue the King.

Barnardo.

Bar. Hce.

A 2

Fran.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your heare.

Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*.
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

*Enter Horatio and Mar-
cellus.*

Francisco I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is
there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leegemen to the *Dane*.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Marcellus. O farewell honest Souldiers, who hath re-
lieu'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*.

Bar. Say what, is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Hora. What ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?

Bar. I haue scene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes 'tis but a fantasie,
And wll not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice scene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minutes of this night,

That if againe this apparition come,

He may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, Tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That

Prince of Denmarke.

That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights scene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same star thats Westward from the Pole;

Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe

The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace breake thee off looke where it comes againe,

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*

Hora. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

In which the Maiesty of buried *Denmarke*

Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble & look pale,

Is not this something more then phantasie?

What thinke you of it?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleue,

Without the sensible and true auouch

Of mine owne eies.

A 3

Mar.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once when in an angry parle
He smote the sleaded Pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iumpe at this dead houre,
With Martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion.
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes.
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the Land,
And with such daily cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine Mart for Implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose fore taske
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward; that this sweatie haste
Doth make the night ioint labour with the day,
Who ist that can informe me?

Hora. That can I.
At least the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride.
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a scald compact
Well ratified by Law and Heraldrie
Did forsaie (with his life) all these his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,

Had

Prince of Denmarke.

Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the Articles designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, yong *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolute
For food and diet to some enterprize
That hath a stomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post-haste and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A mote it is to trouble the minds eie:
In the most high and palmy state of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
The graues stood tenantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the *Roman* streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sun; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,
Was sick almost to Doomesday with eclipse
And euen the like precurse of fierce euents,
As Harbingers preceding still the fates
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue Heauen and Earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climates and Countymen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe

No

The Tragedie of Hamlet

He crosse it though it blast me : stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to me,
Speake to me.

If thou art priuie to thy Countries fate
VWhich happily foreknowing may auoid,
O speake :

Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.*

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,

VVe doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his loftie and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
VWhether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Aire,
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock;
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
VWherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stirre abroad
The nights are whollome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

*It spreads
his armes.*

*The Cocke
crows.*

So

Prince of Denmarke.

So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our dutie.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertrud* the
Queene, *Counsaile* : as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laer-*
tes, *Hamlet*, cum alijs.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory be Greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe & our whole kingdom,
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th' Imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike State
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you know young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our State to be disloyal, and out of frame
Collegued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pester vs with message

B

Im-

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of Law
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the businesse is, we haue here writ
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
 His further gate herein, in that the leuies,
 The lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect, and we here dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 Of these delated Articles allow:
 Farewell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartily farewell.
 And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
 You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voice; what would'st thou beg *Laertes*?
 That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking,
 The head is not more native to the heart
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
 Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
 What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Lar. My dread Lord.
 Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
 From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
 To shew my dutie in your Coronation;
 Yet now I must confesse, that dutie done
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
 And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my slow leaue
 By labour some petition, and at last
 Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

Prince of Denmarke.

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
 And let thine eie looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
 Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
 Seeke for thy noble father in the dust,
 Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
 Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Quee. If it be,

Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
 Tis not alone my inkie cloke could smother,
 Nor customarie Sutes of solemne blacke,
 Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
 No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the eie,
 Nor the deiected hauiour of the visage,
 Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe
 That can deuoute me truly, these indeed seeme,
 For they are actions that a man might play,
 But I haue that within which passes shew,
 These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
 To giue these mourning duties to your father,
 But you must know your father lost a father.
 That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
 In filliall obligation for some tearme
 To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnesse, tis vmanly griefe,
 It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
 A heart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
 An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold,
 For what we know must be, and is as common

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuisht opposition
Take it to heart, sic, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the World take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going backe to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrograd to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eie,
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our sonne.

Qu. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Why, tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocund health that *Denmarke* drinckes to day,
But the great Canon to the cloudes shall tell,
And the Kings rowse the Heauen shal brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish. Exeunt all.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and resoluie it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon gainst seale slaughter, O God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded Garden,
That growes to seed, things ranke & grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereely that it should come thus

But

Prince of Denmarke.

But two moneths dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, so louing to my mother,
That he might not bereeme the winds of Heauen
Visite her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't; frailtie thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why shee
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a moneth,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eies
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post
With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

(selfe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare youremie say so,
Nor shall you doe my care that violence

To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?

Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

B 3

Horat.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funeral.
Ham. I prethee doe not mock me fellow student,
 I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funeral bak't meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
 Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen
 Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
 My father me thinks I see my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eie *Horatio*.
Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
 I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
 With an attentiu care till I may deliuer
 Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
 This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
 In the dead vast and middle of the night
 Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
 Armed at point, exactly *Cap a pea*
 Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
 Goes slow and statelly by them; thrice he walkt
 By their opprest and feare surprized eies,
 Within this trnnchions length, whil't they distill'd
 Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
 Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
 In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: I knew your father,

These

Prince of Denmarke.

These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht;
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hora. My Lord, I did,
 But answer made it none, yet once me thought
 It lifted vp its head and did addresse
 It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
 But euen then the morning Cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunke in haft a way
 And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. Tis verie strange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
 And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
 To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed sirs but this troubles me,
 Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd say you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't he frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hora. Nay verie pale.
Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you?
Hora. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Verie like: staid it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundreth,
Both. Longer, longer.
Hora. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grisseld, no.
Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
 A sable siluer'd.

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt eleuen and twelue
Ile visit you.

All. Our dutie to your honour.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eies.

Exit.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are imbarckt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant, doe not sleepe
But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in bloud,
A violet in the youth of primie nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature cressant does nor grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soile nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

His

Prince of Denmarke.

His greatnesse waid, his will is not his owne.
He may not as vnualued persons doe,
Craue for himselfe, for on his choice depends
The safetie and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voice and yeelding of that bodie,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleue it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his saying deed, which is no further,
Then the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your honour may sustaine,
If with too credent care you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open,
To his vnmaistred importunitie.

Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,

" The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beautie to the Moone

" Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes

" The Canker gaules the infant of the Spring

Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,

And in the morne and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments are most imminent,

Be warie then, best safetie lies in feare,

Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe;

As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother

Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe.

Shew me the steepe and thornie way to heauen

Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine;

Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.

And reakes not his owne Reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,

I stay too long, but heere my father comes

A double blessing, is a double grace,

Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes* aboard, aboard for shame,

C

The

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memorie
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnstedgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee:
Giue euery man thy care, but few thy voice,
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy iudgement,
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancie; rich not gaudie,
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in France of the best ranke and station,
Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This about all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farewell my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you, go, your seruants tend,

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memorie lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit, Laertes.

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marrie well bethoughe

Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous,

Prince of Denmarke.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honour,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a Greene girle,
Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance,
Doe you belecue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marrie I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly
Or (not to cracke the wind of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, goe to, goe to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springes to catch Wood-cocks, I do know
When the bloud burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be some thing scater of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate

Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,

Beleue so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger teder may he walke

Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,

Doe not beleue his vowes, for they are Brokers

Not of that die which their inuestments shew

But meere implorators of vnholly suites,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds

The better to beguile: this is for all,

I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

C 2

Haue

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Haue you so slander any moments leisure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shroudly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke. *A flourish of Trum-
pets, and two Peeeces goes off.*

Ham. The King doth walke to night, and takes his rowle,
Keeps wassell and the swaggering vp-spring reeles;
And as he draines his drafts of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marrie ist;

But to my mind, though I am natie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and West
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot choosethis origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reason,
Or by some habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plaustie manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stampe of one defect

Being

Prince of Denmarke.

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heauen, or blasts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royall Dane, O answere me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead coarste, againe in compleat Steele
Reuistes thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of Nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckons.

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should be the feare,
I doe not see my life at a pinnes fee,

C 3

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;

It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you towards the froud my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe:

That bettels ore his base into the Sea,

And there assume some other horrible forme

Which might depriue your Soueraigntie of reason,

And draw you into madnesse, thinke of it,

The verie place puts toyes of desperation

Without more motiue, into euery braine

That lookes so many fadomes to the Sea

And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,

Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate tries out

And makes each pettie attire in this bodie

As hardie as the *Nemean* Lions nerue;

Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen

By heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,

I say away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke.*

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile go no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. Pittie mee not but lend my serious hearing to
what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

Doom'd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale vnfold whose lightest word

Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eies like starres start from their Spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular haire to stand an end,

Like quilts vpon the fearefull Porpentine:

But this eternall blazon must not be

To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, O list,

If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his soule, and most vnnatural murder.

Ham. Murder.

Ghost. Murder most foule, as in the best it is,

But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift,

As meditation, or the thoughts of loue

May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,

And duller shouldest thou be then the fat weed

That roots it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,

Would'st thou not stirre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,

Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,

A Serpent stung me, so the whole care of *Denmarke*

Is by a forged proceffe of my death

Rankely abused: but know thou noble Youth,

The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life

Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetike soule my Vncle.

Ghost.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinks I scent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuice of cursed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with bloud of man,
That swift as Quick-siluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholesome bloud; so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter barked about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth bodie.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-aneuld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

Let

Prince of Denmarke.

Let not the Royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A Couch for Luxurie and damned Incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I couple hell, O fie! hold my heart,
And you my sinewes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memorie holds a seat
In this distracted Globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All saw of Bookes, all formes, all pressures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall liue,
Within the Booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adiew, adiew, remember me.
I haue sworne't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

D

Mar.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. How ist my noble Lord?

Hora. O wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it,
But you'll be secret.

Both. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*
But he's an arrant Knaue.

Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorrie they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-master't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What ist my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but sweare't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Vpon my Sword.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed vpon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue scene,
Sweare by my Sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Hie, & vbiq, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen,

And lay your hands againe vpon my Sword,
Sweare by my Sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Sweare by his Sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Antike disposition on

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,

As, wel, well we know, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you know ought of me, this do sweare,

So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,

D 2

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes *Reynaldo*,

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shal do maruellous wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visit him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marrie well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danishers* are in *Paris*.
And how, & who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will tuch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y't be he I meane, he's verie wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marrie none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.

You

Prince of Denmarke.

You must not put another scand all on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A savagenesse in vnreclaimed bloud,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marrie sir, heere's my drift,

And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight sullies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soilde with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer scene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir (or so) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and Countrie.

Rey. Verie good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say some thing.
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marrie,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say:
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothell or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome, and of reach,
With windlesse: and with assayes of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

D 3

Shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musick.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwel. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin so affrighted

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Closet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head his stockings fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,

But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He took me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it; long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without their helpes,
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol.

Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will go seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of loue,

Whose violent propertie forgoes it selfe,

And leads the will to desperate vndertakings

As oft as any passions vnder heauen

That does afflict our natures: I am sorrie,

What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his Letters: and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am sorrie, that with better heed and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beshrow my Iealousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lacke discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Florisb. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
Gyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus and Gyldensterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlet's* transformation so call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so neighboured to his youth and hauour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies.
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So

The Tragedie of Hamlet

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnkowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hepe,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to intreatie.

Guy. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks *Roscencraue*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Roscencraue*.
And beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed sonne: goe some of you
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guy. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guy.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege,
I hold my durie as I hold my soule.

Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vs'd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol.

Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Giue first admittance to the Embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hastic marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*

Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*;
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence

Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in brieue obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more

To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three score thousand crownes in anual fee,

And his commission to imploy those Souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,

That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominionis for this enterprize
On such regards of safetie and allowance

As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this businesse:

Meane time, we thank you for your wel took labour,
Go to your rest, at night wee'll feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This businesse is well ended;

My

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limmes and outward florishes:
I will be brieft your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnesse,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaignes
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remaignes and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,
*To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll she most beautified
Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beauti-
fied is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her
excellent white bosome, these &c.*

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
*Doubt thou the stars are fire, Letter.
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.*

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to
reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee best, oh most best be-
leeue it! adiew. Thine euermore most deare Ladie, whilst this
machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me (*Hamlet.*)
And more about hath his sollicitings

As

Prince of Denmarke.

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mure and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my ye ung Mistresse this I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruits of my aduise,
And he repel'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weaknesse,
Thence to lightnesse, and by this declension,
Into the madnesse wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.

King. How may we trie it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

E 2

Quee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Quee. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon

Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will trie it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile boord him presently, oh giue me leaue,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, st il harping on my daughter, yet
he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,

and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old
men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies
purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a
plenti-

Prince of Denmarke.

plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which
fit though I most powerfully and potently belecue, yet I hold it
not honestie to haue it thus set down, for your selfe fir shall grow
old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you
walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason
and sanctitie could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue
him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my
life.

Enter Guildensterne, and Rosencraw.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guy. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou Guildensterne?

A Rosencraw. good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guy. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-
(uors?

Guy. Faith her priuates we.

Ha. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet
What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true;

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsonoure?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank
you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halspenye:

were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visita-
tion? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guy. VVhat should we say my Lord?

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Any thing but to th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserved loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can change you withal, be euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eie of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Gyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall, my anticipation preuent your discouerie & your secrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiestieall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to mee but a soule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the parragon of Annimales, & yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the plaiers shall receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that plaies the King shall be welcome, his Maieftie shall haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the louer shall not sing gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace and the Ladie shall say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shall haue for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How chanceth it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both waies.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citie? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twentie, fortie, fiftie, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out.

A flourish.

Gyl. There are plaiers.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonore*, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaused.

Gyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am, but mad North North-west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke, from a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Gyldesterne*, and you to, are each eare a hearer, that great babie as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophetic that he comes to tell me of the Plaiers; marke it, you say right fir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz;

Pol. Vpon my honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historic, Pastorall, Pastoral-Comickall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauie; nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ, and the libertie: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephthah* Iudge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Iephthah*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wor, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke*? what my young Ladie and Mistris, my Ladie your Ladyship is neerer to Heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent gold, be not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fauknars, flie at any thing wee see, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a taste of your qualitie, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million; 't was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no fallies in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, 't was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'ircanian

Beast,

Prince of Denmarke.

Beast, tis not it begins with *Pyrhus*. The rugged *Pyrhus*, he whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With Heraldry more dismall head to foot,
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets
Than lend a tirraneous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrhus*
Old granfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion.

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhys at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerved father falls:
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhys* eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tyrant *Pirrhys* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhys* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
VVith lesse remorse then *Pirrhys* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

F

OUS

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Out, out, thou strumper Fortune! all you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and fellowes from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepest, say on, come to *Hecuba*

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatning the flames.
With *Bison* rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lapck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steeped,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods:

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares
in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his
desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne
honour and dignitie, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in
your bounry. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, wee le here a play to morrow; dost thou
here

Prince of Denmarke.

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee le hau't to morrow night, you could for need study
a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set
downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him
not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome
to *Elsonoure*.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Exit.

Ref. Good my Lord.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suting
VVith formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.

VVhat's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
VVho calls me villain, breaks my pate a crosse,
Plucks off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the ly i'th throat
As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,
Hah! s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall

F 2

To

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should haue fatted all the region kytes
VVith this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, treacherous, lcherous, kindlesse villaine.
VVhy what an Assc am I? this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Must like a whore ynpack my heart with words,
And fal a cursing like a very drabbe; stallion, sic vppont, foh.
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
That guiltie creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their makfactions:
For murder though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players
Play somthing like the murder of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quick, if a do blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weaknesse and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
VVherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans, Guildenstjerne, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his daies of quiet
VVith turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Ros. He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.
Guy. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madnesse keepes aloofe
VVhen we would bring him on to some confession

Prince of Denmarke.

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a Gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you slay him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true.

And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.

Good Gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guy.*

King. Sweet Gertraud, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
VVee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vs seene,
VVe may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for my part Ophelia I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildnesse, so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious so please you,

F 3

We

The Tragedie of Hamlet

We will bestow our selues; read on this Booke,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The Deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him coming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: To die to sleepe
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th' oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of ~~office~~ the Lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,
When himselfe might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscover'd Countrie, from whose borne

*disgraced
loue*

No

Prince of Denmarke.

No traeller returnes, puzzles the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ils we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of,
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
And Enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
VVith this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy Orizons
Be all my sins remembered.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe. My Lord I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-delieuier,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers proue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. VVhat meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit no
discourse to your beautie.

Ophe. Could beautie my Lord haue better commerce
Then with honesty?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme
honestie from what it is to a Baud, then the force of honesty can
translate beautie in his likenesse, this was sometime a Paradoxe,
but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleu'd me, for vertue cannot so
euacuate our old stock, but we shall sellish of it: I loued you not.

Ophe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ophe. I was the more deceived:

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, reuengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoghts to put them in imagination to giue the shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crauling betweene Earth and Heauen? we are arrant Knaues, be- lieue none of vs. Go thy waies to a Nunry, VVhei's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doost mary, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow- ry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farwell. Or if thou wilt needs mar- ry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry go, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selues another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe.

Exit.

Ophe. O what a noble mind is here othrowne!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholers, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the hony of his Musick vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bels iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmarche forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O wo is me
T' haue scene what I haue scene, see what I see.

Exit.

Enter

Prince of Denmark.

Enter King and Polonius

King. Loue: his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the discollse
Will be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute,
Haply the Seas, and Countries different,
With variable obiects shall expell
This something seetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.

What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet do I belieue the origen & comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?

You need not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.

Let his *Queen-mother* all alone intreat him
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To *England* send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmacht go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you,
trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our
Players do, I had as lue the Town-crier spoke my lines, nor doe
not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vse al gently,
for in the very torrent tempest, & as I may say, whirlwind of your
passion, you must acquire and beget a tempernce, that may giue it
smoothnesse, O it offends me to to the soule, to heare a robusti-

G

ous

The Tragedie of Hamlet

ous Perwig-pated fellow tere a passion to totters, to verie rage, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but in explicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it our Herods, Herod, pray you auoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speiall obseruance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorn her own Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seen play, and heard others praisd, and that highly, not to speake it profanely, that neither hauing th' accent of *Christians*, nor the gate of *Christians*, *Pagan*, nor man, haue so stratted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iournymen had made men; and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your Clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessarie question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the Foole that vles it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Gylidensterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presenly,

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to haken

Ros. I my Lord. Exit those two. (them.)

Ham. What how, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iust a man As ere my conuersation eopt withall.

Hor.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter.

For what aduancement may I hope from thee That no reuenuue hast but thy good spirits To feed and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattered? No let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe, And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning, dost thou heare, Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choyce, And could of men distinguish her election Shalt seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast bin As one in suffering all that suffers nothing, A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled, That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger To sound what stop she please: giue me that man That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart As I do thee. Something too much of this, There is a play to night before the King, One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance Which I haue told thee of my fathers death, I prethee when thou seest that Act a foot, Euen with the very comment of thy soule Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech, It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene, And my imaginations are as soule As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note For I mine eies will riuet to his face, And after we will both our iudgements ioyne In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord,

If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing And scape detected, I will pay the thefe.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,

Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the Play. I must be idle,

G 2

Get

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eat the aire,
Promis'd, crum'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now my Lord,
You playd once ith the Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild ith Capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that,

Ham. Ladie shall lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrie matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lie between maids legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merrie my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do
but be merrie, for looke you how cherefully my mother lookes,
and my father dijd within's two houres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the Deuill weare black, for Ile haue
a Sute of Sables; O heauens, die two moneths ago, and not for-
gotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-lie
his life halfe a yeare, but ber Ladie a must build Churches then, or
else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose
Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

The Trumpets sound.

Dumbe show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he ber,
he takes her up, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lies him downe
vpon a banke of flowers, shee seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon comes
in another man, take's off his Crown, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers
eares, and leaues him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes
passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe,
seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysoner woe's
the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts lone.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry it is munching Mallico, it meanes mischeife.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the Play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter prologue.

The Players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ha. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you affham'd
to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tregedy,
Hecere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a Ring?

Oph. Tis brieft my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phaebus* Cart gone round,
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since Loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred hands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sun and Moon
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be done,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

G 3

For

The Tragedie of Hamlet

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubt is feare,
Where little feare grow great, great loue grows there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.

Such loue must needs be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed. the second, but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I do belecue you think what now you speak,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either grieve or ioy,
Their owne enactures with themselves destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
Grieve ioy, ioy grieues, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortune change,
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hether too doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dy thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue food, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanks the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I be a widdow, euer I be wise.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep,

Quee. Sleep rock thy brain,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twain

Exeunt.

Ham. Maddam, how like you this Play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinks.

Ham. O but shee'll keep her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poison in iest, no offence in't.

King. What do you call the Play? *(world.)*

Ham. The Mouse, rap, mary how tropically, this Play is the
Image of a murder done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name,
his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish piece of work,
but what of that? your Maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it
touches vs not, let the gauled iade winch, our withers are vn-
wring. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue.

II

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groining to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murderer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing, Considerate season, els no creature seeing, Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected, With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie, On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murderer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Que. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the Play.

King. giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Ham. Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauld play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,

Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with provincial Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Player?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere! This Realme dimantled was Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes here A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Vpon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders, For if the King like not the Comodie, Why then belike he likes it not perdie. Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencrans, Gyldesterne.

Gu. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my Lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wisdome should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, And itare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of businesse.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ha. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseafd, but sir, such answer as I can make, you shal command, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behauiours hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

H

Ros.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely bar the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lack aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in *Denmarke*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but wile the grasse grows, the prouerbe is something musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a royle?

Gu. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying: gouern these ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it wil discourse most eloquent musique, look you, these are the stops.

Guyl. But these cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mysterie, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'blood do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ha. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camell?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by, They fool me to the top of my bent, I wil come by & by, Leau me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it selfe breaks out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O heart loose not thy nature! let not euer,
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speak dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them scales neuer my soule consent.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guyldesterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourly grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortcift and adioynd, which when it falls,

H 2

Each

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Each small annexment, petie consequence
Attends the boiftrous raine; neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedie voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes to free-footed.

Rof. VVe will hast vs. *Exeunt. Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers clofet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant shce'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
Tis meet that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*

King. Thanks deere my Lord,
O my offence is ranke, it smells to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont;
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweet Heauens,
To wash it white as snow? whereto serues mercie
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of praier
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther:
That cannot be since I am stil posselt
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May

Prince of Denmarke.

May one be pardoned and retaineth' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may show by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buies out the Law, but tis not so about,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults!
To giue in euidence: what then, what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, O bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,
Bow stubborne knees and heart with strings of Steele
Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuenged, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, do this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly. — not reuendge,
A tooke my father grossly, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his Audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauie with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

H 3

Them

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staves,
This Phyfick but prolongs thy sickly dayes.

King. My words flie vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen go.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait; look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heat and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by Rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You go not till I set you vp a Glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murthier me?
Helpe hoe.

Polo. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Ger.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ger. O what a rash and bloudie deed is this.

Ham. A bloudie deed, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marrie with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Foole farwell,

I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger.

Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome haue nor bras'd it so,

That it be prooffe and bulwarke against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modestie,

Cals vertue Hypocrite, takes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as Dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soule: and sweet Religion makes

A rapfodie of words; heauens face does glow

Ore this solidiry and compound masse

With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act?

Ham. That rores so lowd and chunders in the Index,

Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

See what a grace was seated on his brow,

Hiperions curls the front of Ioue himselfe,

An eie like Mars, to threaten and command,

A station like the Herald Mercurie,

New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,

A combination and forme indeed,

Where every God did seeme to set his seals

To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

The Tragedie of Hamlet

This was your husband, look you now what followes;
Heere is your husband like a mil-dewed eare;
Blasting his wholsome brother: haue you eies?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed
And batron on this *Moore*; ha, haue you eies?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the bloud is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
Else could you not haue motion; but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extasie was neere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantitie of choice
To serue in such a difference. What Deuill wait
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eies, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell.
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsion ardure giues the charge;
Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eies into my soule,
And there I see such black and griued spots
As will leaue there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nastie stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in my eares
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth.

Of

Prince of Denmarke.

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alasse he's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this vilitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you *Ladie*?

Ger. Alasse how i't with you?
That you doe bend your eie on vacancie,
And with th' incorporall aire do hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th' alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excruments
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, do not looke vpon me,
Lest with this pittious action you conuert
My sterne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for bloud.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No, nothing but our selues.

I

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liu'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the coynage of your braine,
This bodiless creation, extasie is very cunning in

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musick, it is not madnesse
That I haue yttred, bring me to the test,

And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That nor your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,

It will but skin and filme the vlcereous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within,
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoid what is to come,

And doe not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these purtie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooc for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,

That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits Deuill, is Angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,

He likewise giues a Frock or Liuerie
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse

To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stampe of nature,
And master the Deuill, or throw him out

With wondrous potencie: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,

He blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so,

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kind,
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Ladie.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowe King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousc,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deere conseruingshide, who would doe so,
No, in despite of sence and secrecie,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Bethou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, & my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the Mandate, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the Enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines.
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet,

I 2

This

The Tragedie of Hamlet

This man shall set me packing,
I'll lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsaile
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
VWho was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Exit.
*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Gyldesterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
VWhere is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a lit le while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. VWhat *Gertrud*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gert. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had bene so with vs had we bin there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shal this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid, to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haung,
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of metals base,
Shoves it selfe pure, a weeps for what is done.

King. *Gertrud*, come away.

Prince of Denmarke.

The Sun no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. and Gylde.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Gyldesterne*,
Friends both, go ioyne you with some further ayd,
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him,
Go seeke him out speake faire and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrud*, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to do,
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blank,
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ha. Safely stowd, but softly, what noise, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O here they come.

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Ros. Beleue what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsaile and not mine owne, be-
sides to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be
made by the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ha. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end,
he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd
to be last swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is
but squeeing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleeps in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with
vs to the King.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guy. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.

Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seek him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hee, bring in the Lord.

They Enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where?

Ha. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certain conuocation of politick worms are egn at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selues for maggots, your fat King & your leane Beggar is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eat of a King, eat of the fish that hath fed of that worme.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progresse

Prince of Denmarke.

gresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this moneth, you shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deed for thine especiall safety Which we doe tender, as we deerly grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence: Therefore prepare thy selfe; The Barke is readie, and the wind at help, Th'afforiats tend, and euery thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them, but come for England: Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother: Come for England.

Exit.

King. Follow him at foot, Tempt him with speed aboard, Delay it not, I'll haue him hence to night. Away, for euery thing is seald and done That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast; And England if my loue thou hold'st at ought, As my great power thereof may giue thee sence, Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red, After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe Paies homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set Our Soueraigne proceffe, which imports at full By letters congruing to that effect The present death of Hamlet, do it England, For like the Heclick in my blood he rages,

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And thou must cure me till I know tis done.
How ere my haps, my ioyes will neere begin!

Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Armie ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his Kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraun, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

Ham. How proposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir?
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it?

Now will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A ranckerrate, should it be sould in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garison'd.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, go a little before,
How all occasions do informe against me,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And spur my dull reuenge. VVhat is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in vs vnus'd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
And euer three parts coward I do not know
VVhy yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will and strength, and meanes
To doe't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
VVitnesse this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
VVhose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
Makes mouthes at the inuisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell, Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
VVhen honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and trick of fame
Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
VVhereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
VVhich is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speak with her.

Gen. She is importunate.

Indced distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

K

Quee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winks and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. T'were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse ieaousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark?

Quee. How now Ophelia.

She sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse Greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweete flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers.

King. How do you pretty Lady?

Oph. VVell good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers
daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what wee
may be; God be at your table.

King.

Prince of Denmarke.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they ask you
what it meanes, say you this.

Song.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And I mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, and doud his close, and dupt the chamber doore.
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed without an oath I'le make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,
(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sun
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot
chuse but weep to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my
brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsel.
Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Ladies God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poison of deep griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, O Gertrard, Gertrard,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death: & we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,

K 2

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers, let them guard the door,
VVhat is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquitie forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. VVhere is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here between the chaste vnsmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?

Let

Prince of Denmarke.

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
Ther's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
A&t's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him go *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill,

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, voves to the blackest deuil,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deare father, i't writ in your reuenge,
That loop-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sensible in grieue for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day does to your eie. *A noyse within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyse is that?

K 3

O

The Tragedie of Hamlet

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seuen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did't perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Masters Daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue
remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for
you, and heere's some for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a
Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a
Dasse, I would giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when
my Father died, they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercie on his soule, and all Christians soules,
God buy yous.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make

Prince of Denmarke.

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours.
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No Trophæ, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th' Offence is, let the great axe fall,
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it
came from the Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your
name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hora. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-look't this, giue these
fellowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere
we were two daies old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appoint-
ment gaue vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, we put on
a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the in-
stant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner,
they haue dealt with me like theeuers of mercy, but they knew
what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the
Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much speed
as thou wouldst flie death. I haue words to speake in thine eare
will.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord
of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am,
Rosencrans and *Guildersterne* hold their course for *England*, of them
I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for these your Letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these seates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetic, greatnesse, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to me thar strong, the *Queene* his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his Sphere
I could not but by her: the other motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giuers to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loued armes,
VVould haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.

Laer. And so I haue a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperate termes,
VVhose worth, if praises may goe backe againe

Stood

Prince of Denmarke.

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleeps for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufte so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiesty, this to the *Queene*.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Messen. Sailers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your King-
dome, to morrow shall I beg leaue to see your Kingly eies, when
I shall, first asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of
my sudden returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exploite, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

L

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue bin talkt of since your trauel smuch,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuerie that it weares
Then seled age, his fables, and his weeds
Importing health and grauenesse; two moneths since
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandie*,
I haue scene my selfe, and seru'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-back, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he bin incorp't, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.
And Gemme of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cri'd out t'would be a fight indeed

If

Prince of Denmarke.

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
Hefwore had neither motion, guard, nor cie,
If you oppos'd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuie with his enuie.
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I think you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begun by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of wecke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnesse still,
For goodnesse growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this *would* changes,
And ha' abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quicke of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To shew your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeed should murther sanctuarize,
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you do this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The *Frenchman* gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

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Will

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbatred, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for the purpose, Ile annoint my Sword,
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplatme so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht with all. Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Weigh what conuenance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunninges,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hot and drie,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Chalice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stucc,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noise?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your sisters drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, O where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brook,
That shewes his hoarie leaues in the glassie streame,
There with fantastick garlands did she make
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepherds giue a grosser name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them.
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clam-

Prince of Denmarke.

Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke
When downe her weedy trophas and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her vp,
Vvhich time she chanted snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.
Or like a creature natie and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alasse then is she drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it

Exit.

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to do to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully
seeks her owne saluation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the
Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd her selfe in her own
defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for here lies the
point, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act
hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to performe, or all; she
drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but here you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the
man,

L 3

The Tragedie of Hamlet

man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

I'le put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. The gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes wel to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallows is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, ora Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dul asse will not mend his pace with beating, & when your are askt this questiō next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes lasts tel Doomsday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Song.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier

Clow. But age with his stealing steps *Song.* (sence.)

hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if t'were *Cains* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this Asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a ones horse, when a meant to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knoeck about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,

Song.

for and a throwding sheer,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skul of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shouell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles, then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it thine indeed for thou lye'st in't.

Clow. You lye out on't sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lye'st.

Clow. Tis a quick lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man dost thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speak by the card, or equiuocatio wil vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why? (as he.)

Clow. T will not bee scene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with loosing his wite.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a dye, as we haue many porky corsees, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere.

Ham. VVhy he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth

Ham. VVhose was it? (twenty three yeares.)

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it

Ham. Nay I know not. (was?)

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a poured a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same scull sir, was sir *Toricks* skull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poore *Toricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I haue kist I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fauour she must come, make her laught at that. Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. VVhat's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hora. Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ha. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was conuersted, might

M

they

The Tragedie of Hamlet

They not stop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredoe it owne life, 'twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble you h, make.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as far enlarg'd
As we haue warrant, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vn-sanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sifter be
When thou yest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet mayd,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe

*Enter King
Quee. Laertes
and the corse.*

Prince of Denmarke.

Fall ten times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious fence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beates such an *Emphasis*, whose phras of sorrow
Coniures the wandring Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy soule,

Ha. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand?

King. Pluck them asunder,

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my sum. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him?

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doo:

Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy
Woo't drinke vp Efill, eat a Crocodile (selfe,

I'll doo't: doost come here to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her grate,

Be buried quick with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

M 2

Make

Fall

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
He rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe do what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day

Exit Hamlet,

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait vpon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gerirard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this sir, now shal you see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And prais'd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well
When our deep plots do fal, and that should learne vs
There's a diuinity that shap'es our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, so bold

My

Prince of Denmarke.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grand commission, where I found *Horatio*
A royall knaue, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hor. It's possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play, I sat me downe,
Deuis'd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yeomans seruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull Tributarie,
As loue between them like the Palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten Garland weare
And stand a *Comma* twene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriuing time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why euen in that was Heauen ordinaunt,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modell of that *Danish* scale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely,

M 3

The

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencrans* go too't.

Ham. They are not neer my conscience; their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points
Of mightie Opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not thinke thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cosnage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Doe'st know this *Water-flic*?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know
him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts,
and his Crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I
say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it sir with all diligence of spirit, your bon-
net to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very soulttry and hot, of my com-
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soulttry, as t'were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is
newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeue mee an absolute Gentle-
man,

Prince of Denmarke.

man, full of most excellent differences, of very soft societie,
and great showing: indeed to speake feelingly of him, he is the
Card or Kalender of Gentrie: for you shall find in him the conti-
nent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his defincement suffers no perdition in you, though I
know to diuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick
of memorie, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile,
but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great ar-
ticle, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true
dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would
trace him, his vmbraige, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in
our mor rauer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will
doe't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would, not
much approue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him
in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laid
on him by them in his meed, he's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six *Barbary* horses
against the which he has impaund as I take it six *French* Rapiers
and Poinards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three
of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancie, very responsiue
to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had
done.

Cour.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more *German* to the matter if we could carrie a Canon by our ſides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* Swords their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath laid ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it pleaſe his Maieſty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what flouriſh your nature will,

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſo ſir with his dugg before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breed that I know the droſſie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of miſtie collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane and trennowned opinions, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by yong *Oſtricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the Kings pleaſure, if his fitteſſe ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord.

Prince of Denmarke.

Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertain-ment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. Shee well inſtructs me.

Hora. You will looſe my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo, ſince he went into *France*, I haue bin in continuall praſtiſe, I ſhall winne at the oddes; thou would'ſt not thinke how will all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolerie, but it is ſuch a kind of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind diſlike any thing, obay it. I ſhall foreſtall their repaire hither and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we deſie Augurie, there is ſpeciall providence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it bee, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readineſſe is all, ſince no man of ought he leaues, knowes what iſt to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cuſhions,
King, Queene, and all the ſtate, Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon ſir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this preſence knowes,

And you muſt needs haue heard, how I am puniſht.

With a ſore diſtraction: what I haue done

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madneſſe,

Walt *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*,

If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away,

And when he's not himſelfe, doe's wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,

Who does it then? his madneſſe. Iſt be ſo,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madneſſe is poore *Hamlet*'s enemy,

Let my diſclaiming from a purpoſ'd euill,

Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts

That I haue ſhot my Arrow ore the houſe

N

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And hurt my brot her.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I haue a voice and president of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receiue your offered loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Giue vs the Foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles yong *Ostrick*, cosin *Ham*.
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue scene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire.

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an Onix shall he throw,

Richer then that which foure successe Kings

In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,

Now

Prince of Denmarke.

Now the King drinkest to *Hamlet*, come begin.
And you the Iudges beare a warie eye.

*Trumpets
the while.*

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, Trumpets and shot.

Laer. Well, againe.

Flourish, a Peece goes off.

King. Stay, giue me drink, *Hamlet* this Pearle is thine.
Heere's to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. He's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think'r.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenst.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How ist *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock to mine owne springe. *Ostrick*

N 2

I

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Ham*,
The drink, the drink, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet* thou art slaine,
No medecine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poysoned,
I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ha. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy work

All. Treason, treason!

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poison temperd by him-
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble *Hamlet*, (selfe
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is strikt in his arrest. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleeue it;
I am more an antike *Roman* then a *Dane*,
Heer's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen I'll hate,

Prince of Denmarke.

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *A march a
farre off.*

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest c me from *Poland*,
Th'Embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,

The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurrants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet
And flight of Angels singe thee to thy rest. (Prince,
Why does the drum come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hora. VVhat is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since so iump vpon this bloody question

N 3

You

The Tragedie of Hamlet

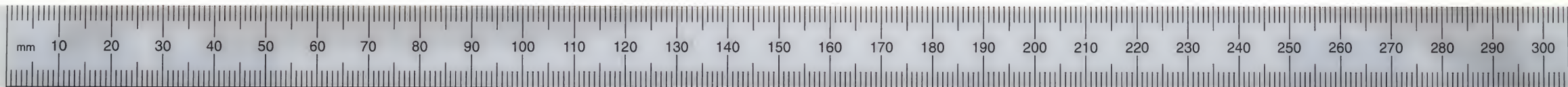
You from the *Pellock* warres, and you from *England*
Are here arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed so the view,
And let me speak, to th' yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.

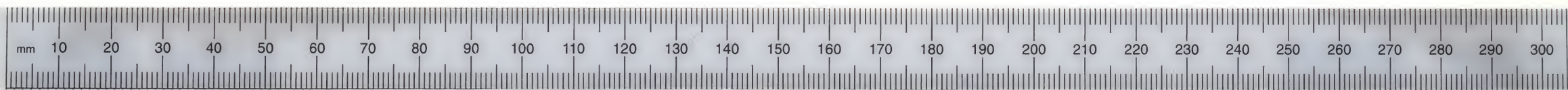
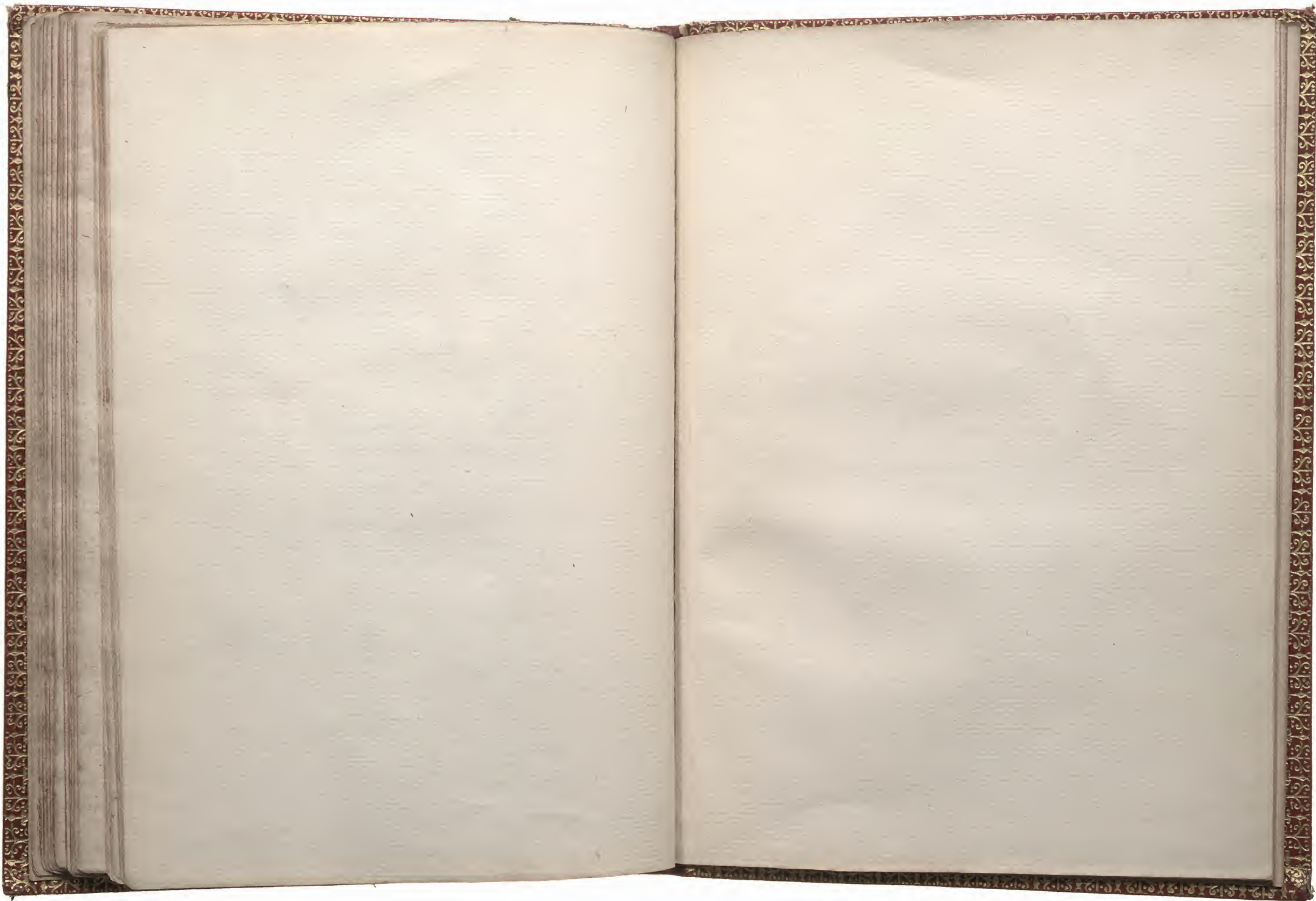
Fort. Let vs haſte to heare it;
And call the nobleſt to the audience,
For me with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights of memory in this Kingdome,
Which now to cleime my vantage doth inuite me.

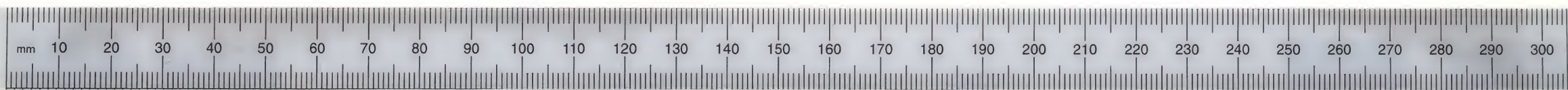
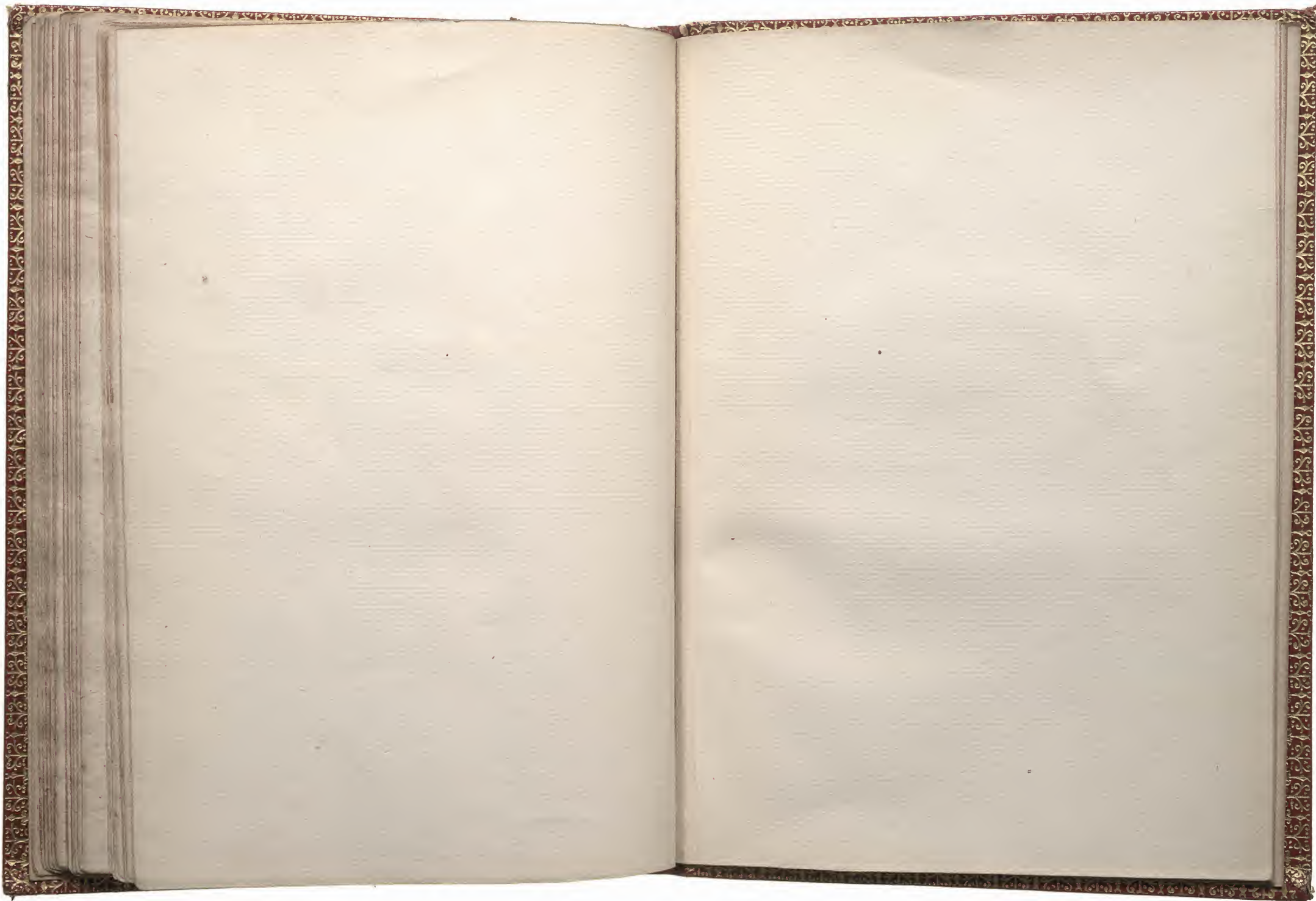
Hora. Of what I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voice wil draw no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſ-
On plots and errors happen. chance

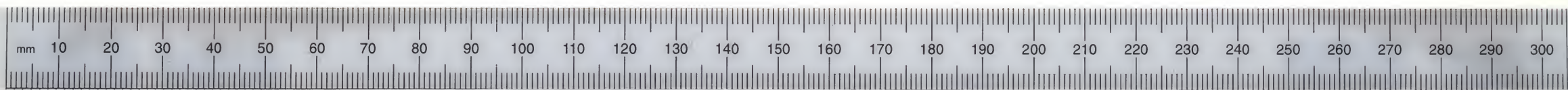
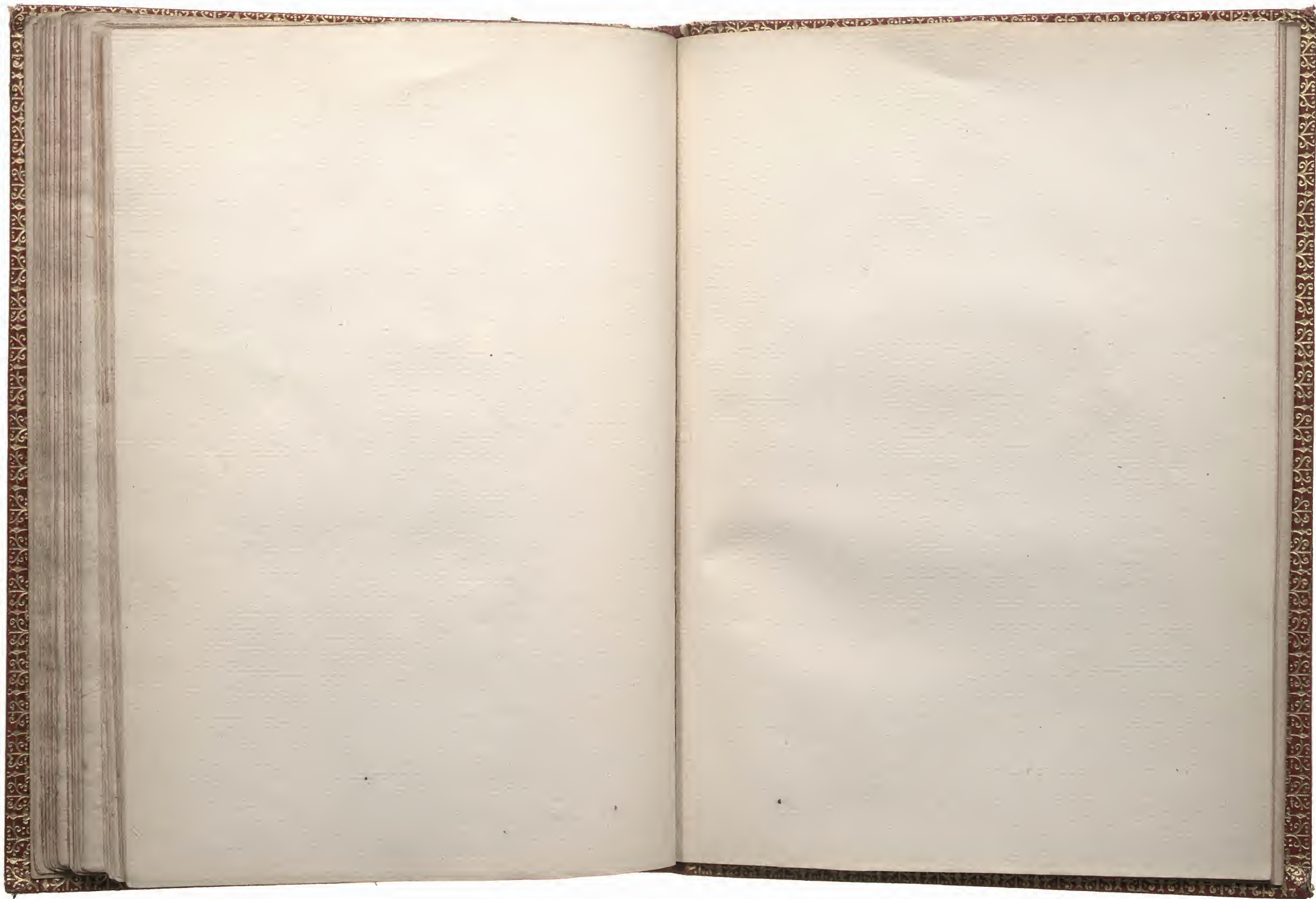
Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To haue proued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The Souldiers muſick and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but here ſhowes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the Souldiers ſhoot. *Exeunt.*

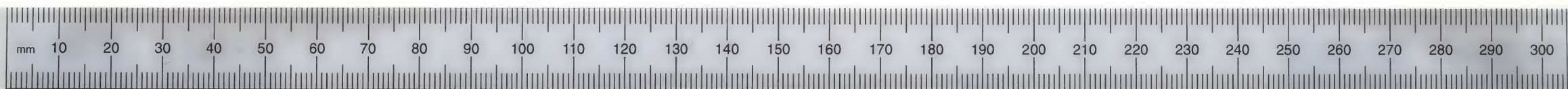
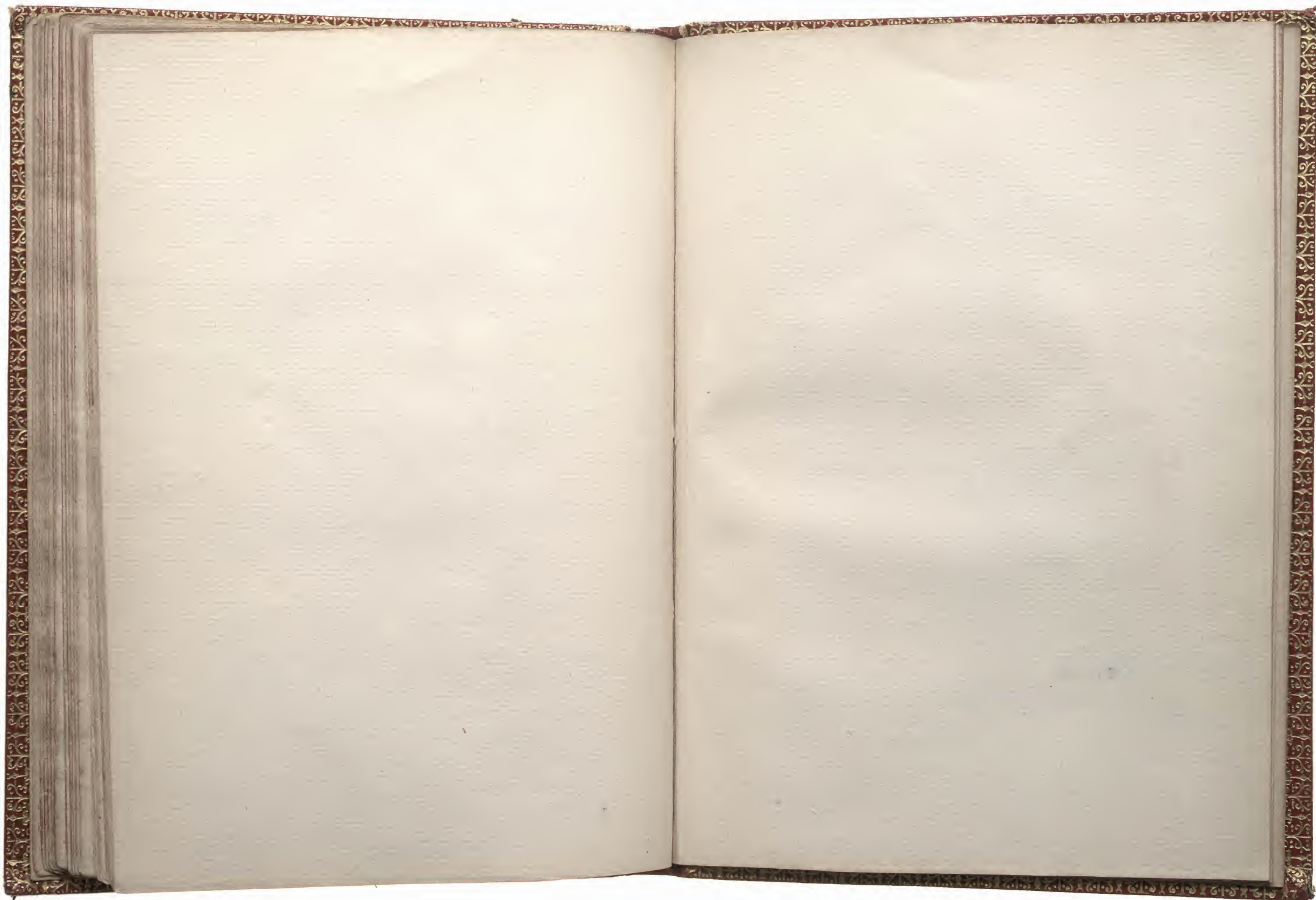
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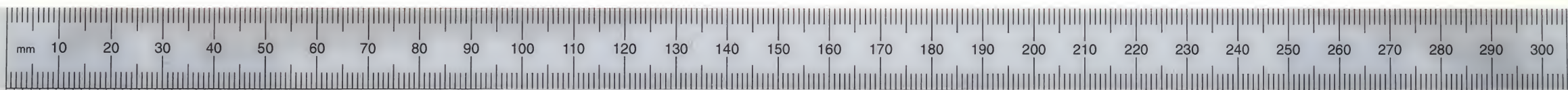
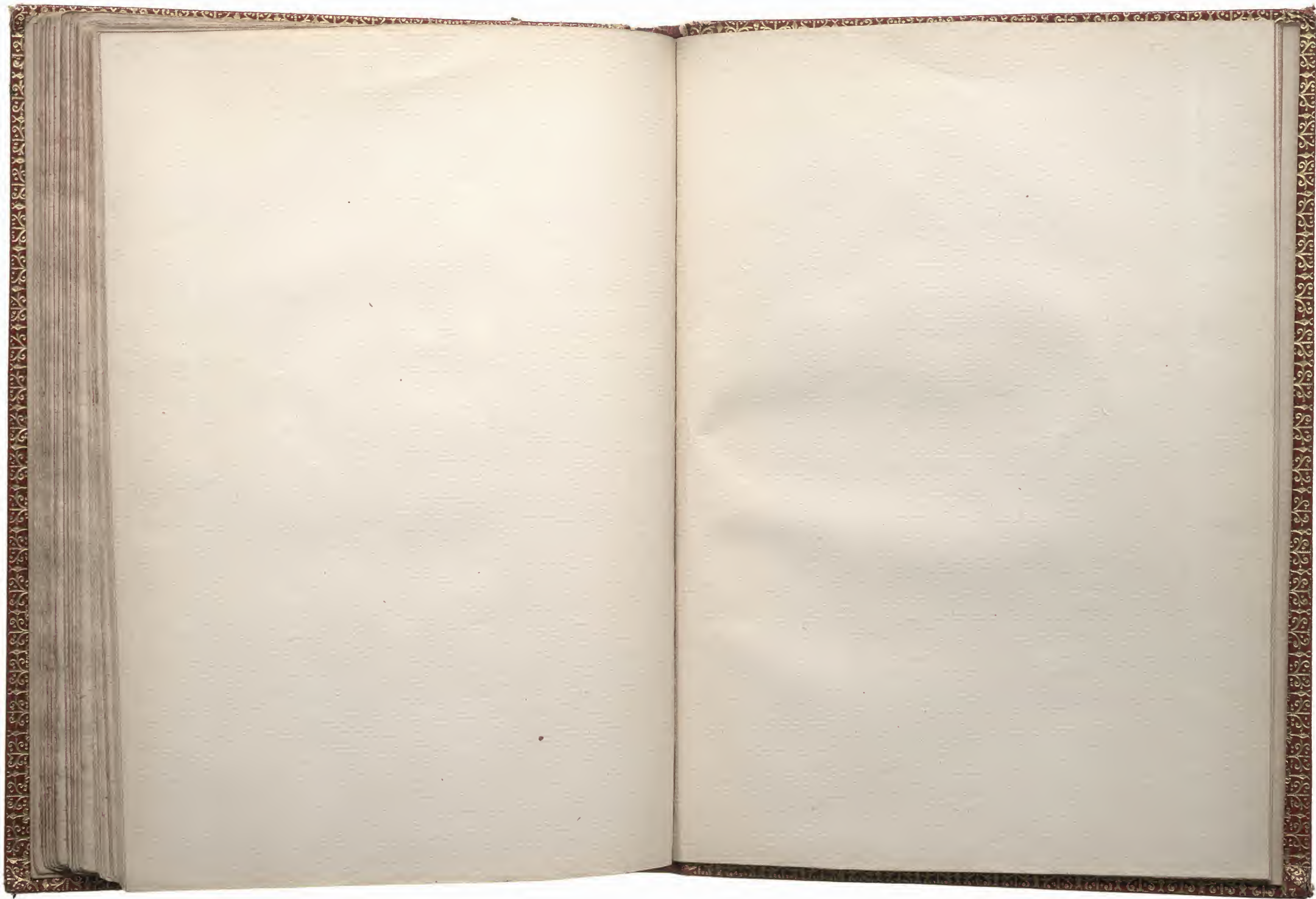


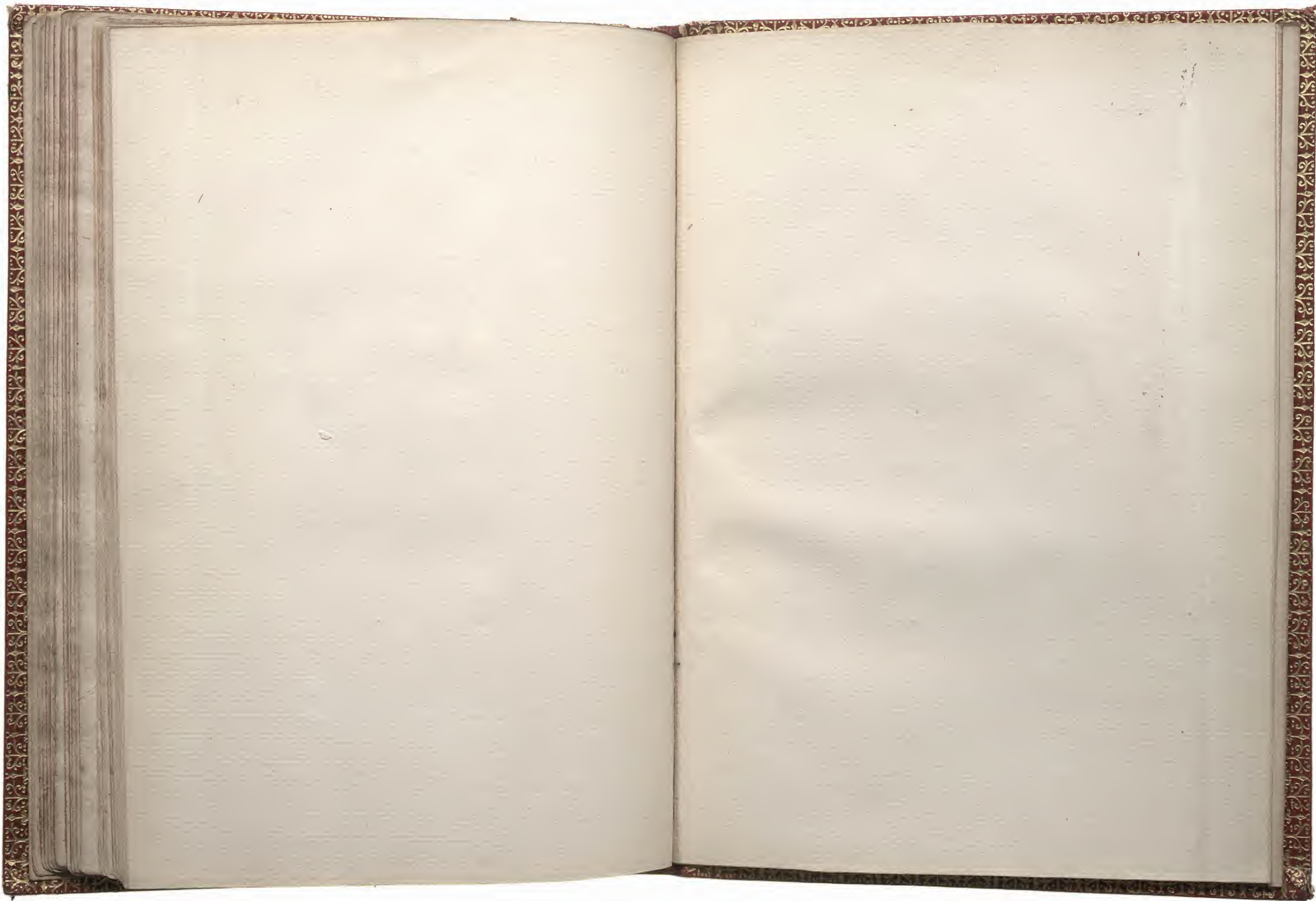


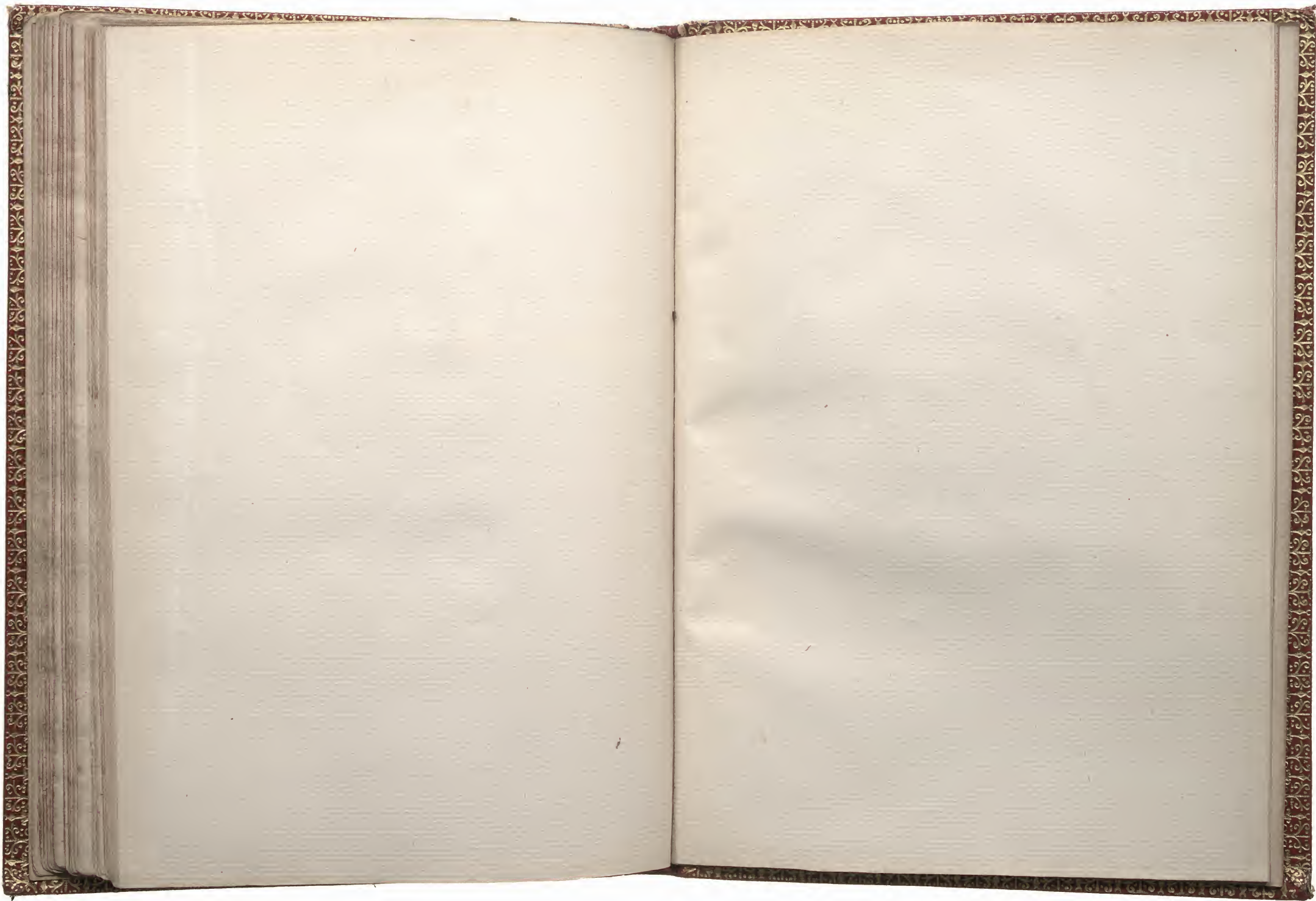


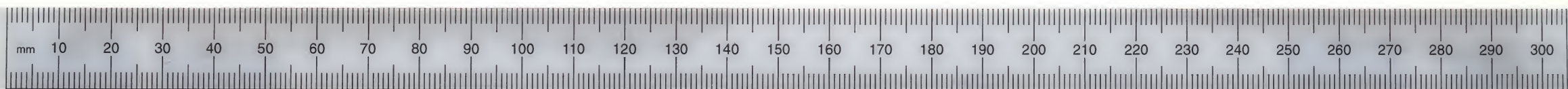
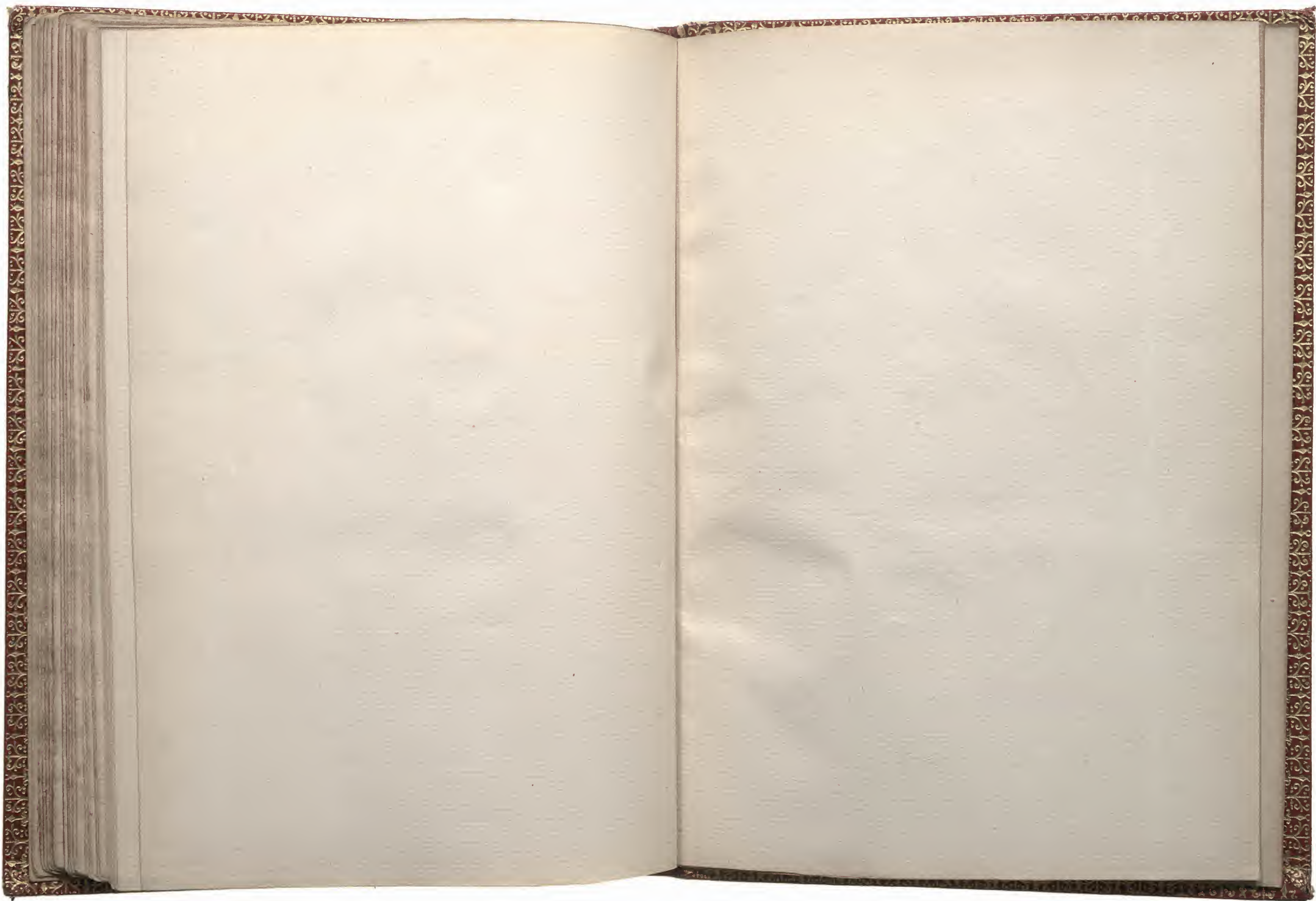


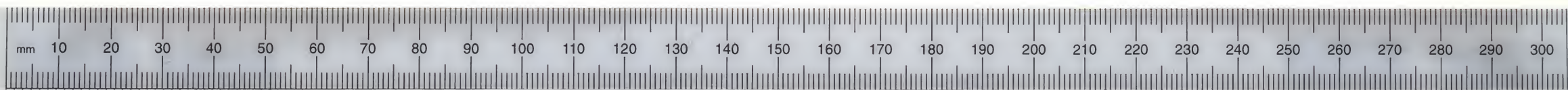
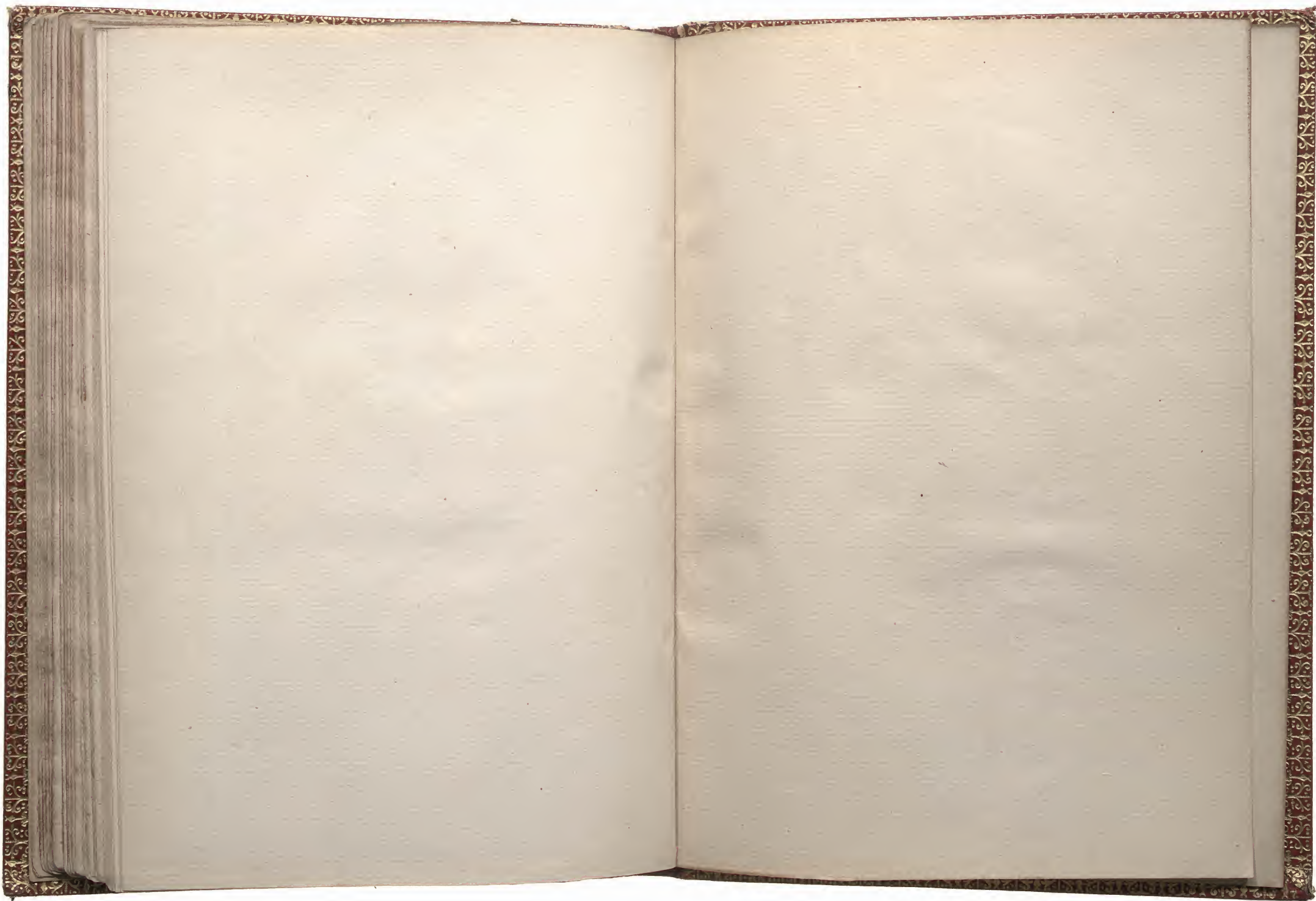












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